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Editorial

They say that nothing ends, that we are part of the cycle of things. The world is a pendulum swinging from one extreme to the other and marking no progress. With the perspective of time this is true, but we are the here and now, and as individuals most of us are too close to our part of the cycle to see the futility of our lives.

The play is over. A story told in four acts, our college years are ended, and we are one step further up the ladder of the cycle—one step closer to the point from which we begin to descend. It is on this step that we leave the crowd to climb alone.

While some will move on with the optimistic dream of personal fame and fortune, no doubt some of us will remain objective and cynically watch ourselves struggle to reach the top only to slip back into nothingness. Either way, the picture is depressingly hopeless if one has not found some purpose, some challenge, in living. And what, then, is the use—the reason—of life? The challenge, as I see it, is to do the work which will make a better tomorrow for those who follow us in the cycle of things—to leave behind some accomplishment that will live on in others. That, my dear seniors, is your challenge and your immortality.

Good luck, and may God bless you all.

—IRENE HUGHES.



FLOOD

BY INA RUSSELL

The rain fell. It did not fall often in this land, and when, through the day, the people saw great clouds slowly fill the sky from one side to the other they wondered, but they put jugs and pitchers out in their yards to catch the water. Then they hurried into their houses and the little children stood by the windows, watching the sky darken. It was not late, but the people in their houses were remarking about the peculiar darkness of the sky to one another.

"It certainly is dark, to be so early in the evening," said an old man.

"Yes, but on the road home from market a woman was telling us about a storm where she came from—it rains hard there—and it was almost pitch black even before time for sunset."

The people were speaking with great interest to one another about these things, as people always have spoken about the weather, about their crops, their children, or their everyday affairs. There was not very much else which could interest them, so they placed a great importance on these small matters. They were a simple people, easily led to do one thing or another.

Above the plowed land each cloud hid shuddering thunder. The thunder cracked at intervals, rivets of lightning streaked through space, and once a tree was split down its middle. As evening came, the sky gradually turned from wool to lead, and then to shadows. Finally it became so dark that it was nearly flat ebony. One might have thought it was nighttime, though it was only the hour for eating.

The children were called from the window and seated in their places. There were breads and cheeses to eat, and goat's milk and meat and fruit. The children ate quickly, though

they were growing tired of this watching game. When they had finished, one child began to hum to himself. His voice was completely crushed by the vehemence of sudden thunder, roaring into space.

The children were put to bed. Their parents sat about aimlessly, then they too began to prepare themselves for sleep. As they settled themselves the rain continued falling, falling, falling. It had no joy of purpose: it simply fell to the ground and was soaked into the earth's pores. The earth was thirsty in these first hours of rain.

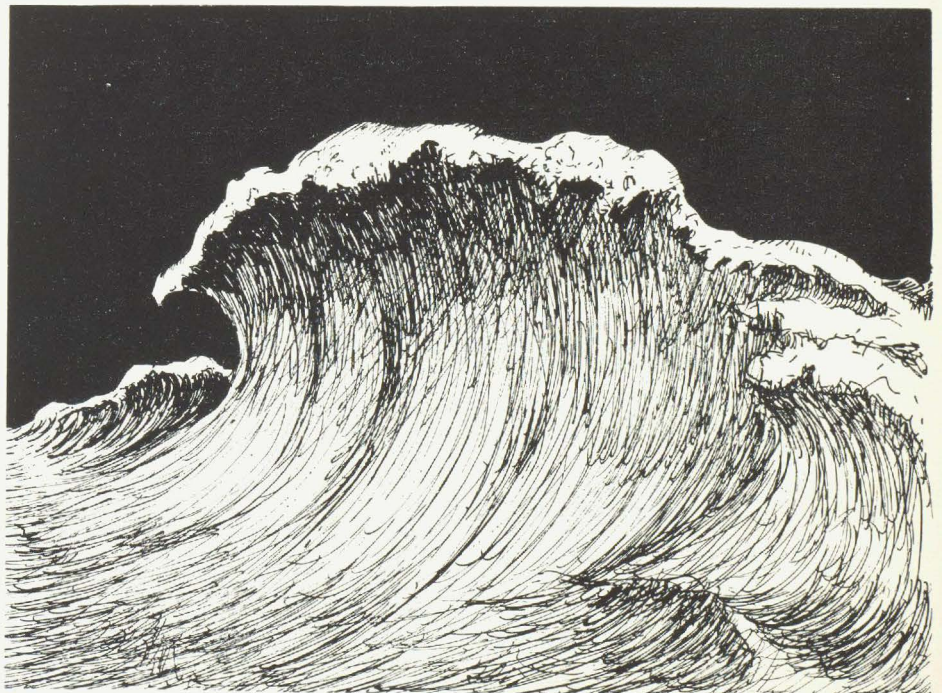
But in the morning it was still raining. Now the ground had drunk its fill, and there were enormous puddles about the house. Long ago the tall jars and pitchers had filled; water ran over their sides in an unending stream. The rain had not increased, nor had it diminished. It fell steadily, with its unfaltering noise heard unconsciously beneath all other sounds.

There was a secret in this rain,

but the people did not know it. They knew only that the rain kept falling steadily. They knew that it made the house damp and the children restless. The housewife knew that it would bring mold to the leather things, and that her flour was sticky in its container. The children did not think of what the rain did, to themselves or to the flour or to the leather goods. They simply stood and watched it fall. The puddles were much deeper now, and they would have liked to have walked in them. They would have liked to sit in the mud. They were afraid, though, of the thunder, which still made its threats to the little people and little children down below in the midst of the plowed field. They were afraid of the lightning, and of its stark blade. Within themselves they were afraid for what reason they did not know, simply that there was cause somehow for unrest.

And so the people watched the storm. Once a man ran out into it

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THE EPAULET

Grazing The Grounds ... With The Beneficent Burro

BY H. C.

By the time this issue goes to press this burro will be seeking other pastures, which if not greener will be a whole lot wider. The arduous task of facing the wide, wild world seems a far cry from our present assignment of sitting before a piece of blank paper. Could be it's all relative to one's surroundings. The fodder should (at least we hope) remain the same color green, going merely from grounds to gelt. When faced with such a finality as that paradox "commencement" it's always comforting to contemplate the relative greenness of dollar bills to campus grass.

• • •

We enjoyed the little ladies from the Class of 1915 who arrived here Alumnae Weekend sporting signs with the letters "A E" carefully lettered (in red, if our memory serves us correctly.) After much whispered discussion and rather secretive investigation it was discovered that "A" stood for the number 1 and "E" for 5. The disguise was deemed necessary by those concerned because they'd been beset by that old female fear of announcing their correct ages. In this atmosphere of perpetual youth where 21 and independence are such tantalizing goals our ladies were derided a bit for their show of vanity, though they succeeded in sowing the seeds of doubt in more than one budding flower whose aim had hitherto been in the opposite direction. However, our discovery of the real meaning of their motto was somewhat of a disappointment. For a while we even considered the possibility of subversion, to which the factor of age has been lately no deterrent.

• • •

From the looks of things at present it appears that for the fourth

straight year the second floor of Ball will be inhabited by the go-getters and do-gooders. While applauding this accidental but pleasantly traditional situation, we wonder if the other two floors haven't felt neglected. Not that walls have ears, as the superstition holds, but the imagined response might prove interesting.

• • •

Of all the stray dogs MWC has ever fed, pampered and petted we cast our vote for George (Thurber) the Spotted Something, whose personality has won the admiration of all. Not only does he sit up and beg in the dining hall, he even opens the door of the "C" Shoppe with an air of casual aplomb. In either case, by some undeciphered doggy code, he usually manages to fill up on most of what should have gone into our mouths. Aside from the usual demonstrations of canine intelligence, like fetching rubber newspapers, most dogs have little to offer over the average human except sincerity. But this mongrel recently attended an Alpha Phi Sigma tea. Somebody go check the Dean's List, quick. The name was George, but look under Thurber, just in case.

• • •

One of the most fascinating of all indoor sports (barring a special few) is that misnamed and often misplaced game of pool. Luckily for us the popular prejudice against poolrooms doesn't exist on this campus. As far as we can see it's rather encouraged, judging from the additional table that has made an appearance on the second floor of Lee. What seems to distinguish this most fascinating of all games is the fun of assuming different posture for each shot. Several of the addicts we've seen needed only that often depicted green eyeshade to complete

the professional-looking atmosphere. Damon Runyon had nothing on us as far as character material goes. Tennis, anyone?

• • •

Maybe the weather has something to do with it, but we've noticed lately that the number of knitting needles dropped in convo has decreased by a decided margin. Perhaps it's an off-season for the wool market, or then again the confirmed sock-constructors may have decided to pay attention for a change. We'll leave the decision to you.

• • •

Ever noticed how many people come in to visit the night you are trying to read that forgotten textbook? Although we haven't thought about it too much, we've ascertained some predetermined sort of pattern. It begins when you've just been assigned a test (to be given in 2 days), covering all 578 pages. This automatically means assuming a rather sedentary position on your bed, surrounded by the necessary material and prepared to spend the night. Promptly as you begin the first sentence, the parade begins. The usual order is as follows, in rapid succession:

1. Classmate to ask if you've begun to study.
2. President of The Club to ask if you have ideas for the next meeting.
3. Suitemate to borrow ink.
4. Other suitemate to return hair dryer.
5. Girl for dry cleaning.
6. Two strangers to ask where Mary-across-the-hall is.
7. Suitemate to return ink and borrow pen.
8. Mary-across-the-hall to ask if anyone has come to see her.

(Continued on Page 17)

THE NEW SUIT

BY CAROLYN BOHANNON

Jake Mayberry was a funny kid.

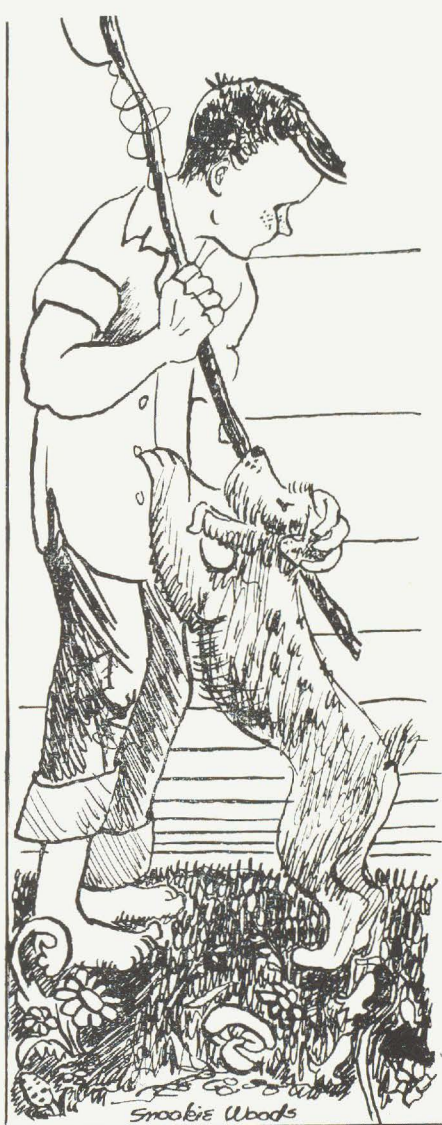
I remember seeing him trudge along after school let out, kinda depressed-looking and acting as if there warn't a-going to be a tomorrow. Jake was a right good-sized kid when his mother and her brood moved up the road in the old Carter homeplace. I always thought, guess I most always will, that the neighbors warn't hospitable enough to Mrs. Mayberry. I guess they shied away from her 'cause of the passel of brats they figgered might be apushed 'pon them if neighborly relations was created.

Jake was a tall lad, and had the greenest eyes I most ever saw. His eyes, like the rest of him, moved lazily and had no sparkle. His dish-water-colored hair was bristly and sunburnt from plowing the few meager acres the family survived off'a. Jake's only open object of affection was his dog. You never see'd him without the hungry-looking mongrel faithfully follering at his heels. They was a pair, Jake and his dog.

I kinda changed my 'pinion of the kid after I spent an aft'noon over to Maude Bybie's place, a-gossiping and doing some darning here and there. Since Mrs. Bybie's husband owns the gener'l store, Maude comes to learn of all the gossips a-going 'round. Some say Maude lives for to tell of the tasty morsels of talk she hears in the store.

Well, me and Maude was a-rocking, darning some work shirts, and talking up this and that, when I come to ask her if she ever heard of how Mrs. Mayberry made out with her passel of younguns. Old Maude went on to tell me that she hear'd that couple months past Tom Mayberry come home just as drunk as a coot, (nothing unusu'wal for his type) the good-for-nothing buzzard. When he walked in the door, he

saw Jake and his ma just a-talking and 'sclaming over the new suit Mrs. Mayberry'd bought for Jake out of her saved up "egg money." Seems as there was to be a social up to the school house and, as all mothers



is, Mrs. Mayberry wanted her son fitted out for the event. She scrimpted and saved five dollars and twenty-five cent for a brown pin-stripe suit, with tie to match, of course. Seeing the new suit, Tom went blind with fury and started in a-screaming and carrying on 'bout

no wonder he couldn't do no better with such extravagances a-going on whilst he was away. I reckon you can't blame a drunk for his actions, especially if he's 'cited over something, but anyways, in a fit of anger, Tom grabbed up the shotgun and fired at Jake's old dog. The mongrel was quicker'n old Tom's eye, and ran toward the door. This only angered Tom more, and being as there was another shot left, he fired in the general 'rection to which the pup had tore out. Instead of hitting the mongrel, he hit his wife, a-killing her.

Poor Mrs. Mayberry, God bless her kind soul, shouldn't have moved. As I think about that night 'an everything, the whole sitation seems quar and might wrong. Well, it was lucky they warn't another shot left in that cursed gun, 'cause by the time he realized what he'd done, Tom Mayberry went stark mad and lost all his senses. He woulda most probably killed Jake and th' other little ones abed.

The search for Tom Mayberry has been in swing for nigh no to a month. To my way'o thinking that search might as well be forgotten, 'cause ain't no relations ever a-going to claim Tom Mayberry as their kin and take on them younguns to raise and 'kere for.

Maude went on to tell me that peoples been right nice to Jake after the accident, a-giving as much help with the kids, and so on, as he'll 'scept, but for the most part, he manages every thing well as his ma done. Course no one and no body'll ever be able to take the place of their ma. Guess it's jest one of them tragedies that makes a person thankful they ain't more'n is.

Yes, Jake Mayberry's a funny kid.

Give It Back To Me

BY IRENE HUGHES

(This is dedicated to Ginger who died before she had to experience the disappointments and hurts in life).

• • •

The gray-haired judge in the black robe sat in his throne-like chair and watched the people file in and sit down to wait like vultures. He looked down at them, and his great, ruddy face was seamed with sadness, "Yes," he thought, "they're like a bunch of vultures waiting for some juicy parcel to be thrown out to them." His lips twisted faintly with disgust, and his face looked even sadder.

A little girl of about eleven had come in unnoticed and was now sitting bunched up between two fat women. She had on a blue coat and mittens, and her long brown hair was curled. Still she looked pathetic sitting there. The judge hadn't seen her come in, but he saw her now. He smiled at her, but she didn't seem to notice. Then his attention was turned away, for someone was taking the stand. It was Karen Shadrow.

"Mrs. Shadrow, this is just a review. When your divorce was granted yesterday we had established that your husband had been unfaithful many times. Is that right?" the prosecutor asked.

"Yes, it is."

"And you were able to prove that, weren't you?" he pushed.

"Yes. I had statements from two hotel clerks and from one of the women."

"I see; and they testified to the same?"

"Yes."

"On the basis of his unfaithfulness, you consider him unfit to have custody of your child?"

"That and the fact that he has taken no personal interest in her life," she said quietly.

"I see."

The questioning went on and on as the charges poured forth. It appeared that Linc Shadrow had jeopardized his daughter's respect and her reputation in society and had flaunted his sordid life by bringing other women into his home for her to see. He didn't seem to have been a good father. Finally the prosecutor stopped questioning the mother.

"That's all for now, then. Thank you."

She stepped down from the stand, a tall, beautiful woman who walked with the easy grace of a model. She sat down without looking at anyone.

"Will Mr. Shadrow please take the stand," ordered the prosecutor. A thin, blond man answered the command. He was tall, but his shoulders seemed to droop a little, and there were circles below his eyes.

"Just a couple of things here, Mr. Shadrow," the prosecutor began. "While your wife has charged you an unfit father, you've made it clear that you consider her negligent in her duties as wife and mother. For the moment we won't repeat your reasons; what I want to ask you is: do you think these reasons are sufficient to charge her an unfit mother for your daughter?"

"Yes, I do," came the firm reply.

"And do you consider yourself a good father—one fit to bring up an impressionable young daughter?"

"I object to the prosecution's reference to the daughter's nature having bearing here—" interrupted the defense, not violently.

"It's of the utmost importance in deciding who will have custody of the child. Objection overruled." Obviously the objection had irritated the old judge.

"Thank you. I repeat: do you consider yourself a good father?" the prosecutor resumed.

"Yes, I think I am." This answer was not so firm as the first.

"There are some other questions I'd like to ask, but they can come later perhaps. Now I want to summarize what we've learned from both sides in two days. Mrs. Shadrow is suing you for custody of your daughter on the grounds of infidelity and parental neglect. All right. She says that ever since your success in business and consequently a candidate for mayor you have gone elsewhere for companionship and love, if it can be called that, and have shown no interest in your daughter. On the other hand, you say that you did not stray until your wife became withdrawn and neglectful and turned to drink. On that basis you consider her to be an unfit mother, too. At this point we have a contradiction. Now to find the truth—"

"Mr. Bates, excuse me, but my client has asked that his daughter be allowed to testify. He feels that it's her future and that she should have the right to say what she thinks," the defense injected.

"Your Honor?" asked the prosecutor.

"I don't like to have the child subjected to this more than necessary, but I suppose you're right. She deserves a chance to say something for herself. Does your client approve?"

Karen nodded. "Yes."

"Then you may call the child to the stand," finished the judge.

The little bunched-up figure in the blue coat looked about wildly. She wanted to run—to escape the cage that was closing around her. The two fat women looked down at her and from their expressions she could tell that she was trapped.

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The Little Monsieur

BY MF TREADWELL

I
Monsieur Devois sat straight up in bed grasping the covers to his chin. After a moment his great blue eyes, which were usually small faded blue ones that fitted timidly behind bifocals, eased back to their own size. He hopped out of bed, turned off the alarm, snatched on his glasses, his silk stockings and garters that had been laid out, and his re-soled, high-waxed black shoes. All the while as he dressed, he murmured a plaintive little murmur which was immediately soaked into the worn, Oriental carpet of the enormous room which they had given him.

"OH MY, Oh My, oh my oh my"

Cold, damp air off the Berkshires moved with a heavy silence in this room, only the tiniest part of which Mr. Devois seemed to occupy. All day and night, almost continuously, mountain mists wrapped the old Hall.

"OH MY, Oh My, oh my oh my"

From time to time this small murmur was broken by deep sighs. Despite these sounds of dismay, his wiry neck—which had the tendency to pull forward of the terminus of his spinal column leaving his body the sole anchorage of a stubborn pair of heels—was disciplined very shortly by a stiff dress shirt after the old fashion with the collar turned in two small ears over his bow tie. A quick glance in the mirror told him that his creamy dinner jacket and tuxedo trousers were "okay:" he was a major domo ready for the morning meal. He might have stepped from the Ritz in Paris, and, indeed, he had spent a hard apprenticeship there. He was just a boy when he had been initiated into "the business" with hard words, and clouts, too, if he deserved them. Even though he had been a full major

domo these many years, he now reassured himself with another sigh that "the business" everywhere, even in America, was a hard one.

After this cursory glance in the mirror, Mr. Devois blasted once into his clean handkerchief and gave his nose a business polish. Somewhat quieted by this personal noise and by the knowledge that he was perfectly dressed for the morning meal, he marched down a maze of corridors and stairs to the kitchen. Nevertheless, a small murmur escaped his lips.

"OH MY, Oh My, oh my oh my"

Mr. Devois had seen many kitchens, but he had never seen a kitchen such as the one at Jonathan Hall. He had never concerned himself with the kitchen. The major domo had his place with the dining room. This kitchen was sadly out of repair. The coffee urn was apt to go spouting geysers of hot water as high as the ceiling at any moment. That explained the ineffectuality of the two-minute, three-minute, and five-minute egg cooker which derived its hot water from the coffee urn. Mr. Devois had been amazed at pop-up toasters when he first came to America, but after ten years in the new country he was now amazed at this toaster which toasted eccentrically.

The disorder of the mechanical parts of the kitchen was seconded by chaos among the help. Although Mr. Devois had always had trouble with names, especially American names, he now found himself having trouble with faces as well. There had been three dish-washers already and between these there had been times when no one appeared to wash out the dirty coffee service left by Mrs. Abbot so that it could be made ready for the table of Mrs. Cabbot when she descended for breakfast. All his waitresses came to him about these

things and in the face of the situation Mr. Devois found himself, for the first time in his career as a major domo, implicated in the shortcomings of the kitchen.

This morning he was cheered by the sight of Albert. He had had the experience of coming into a deserted kitchen when all the help had taken too much whiskey to wake for Sunday breakfast.

"Good morning, Chef," he called out to Albert, who was second cook.

"You cook my breakfast now!" There was no recognition from the second cook.

"I take scrambled eggs today. Light, you know."

"Not like yesterday's!"

Albert would not on any occasion have heeded that crazy man who talked like no other white man. This morning he did not so much as look up from the mammoth, old iron range which had quit on him completely. Mr. Devois observed this range trouble attentively although he did not understand that it was not-cooking. Finally he turned and marched from the kitchen.

"I take my juice now!" he shouted at the impassive Albert in leaving.

There was no one in that vast ghostly hall of empty tables and chairs when he entered. Mr. Devois looked out the window at great Bear Mountain brooding distantly through purple mist.

"OH MY, Oh My, oh my oh my" he murmured.

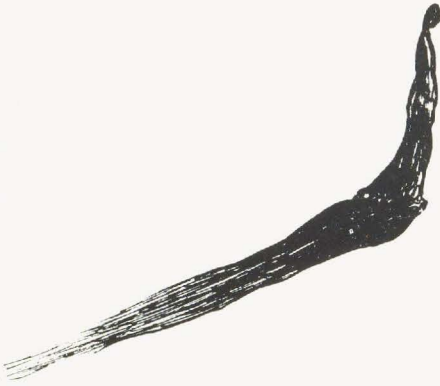
For a moment he stood looking out the window; then quickly he took up a teaspoon from the silver tray and moved noisily about the dining room, whistling a jiggish tune. He went from table to table, lifting the tops of the sugar bowls, carefully loosening the sugar which had caked about the sides during the night. Now and then he paused and

Continued on Page 20)

From The Editor's Desk

THE COVER:

The cover of this issue, drawn by Marilyn Norquest, is an interpretation of the mood expressed in the editorial. It is a rather pessimistic thing to say the least, but it was designed to indicate the futility of basing one's life on the idea that great personal achievement can be an ultimate goal. I wish to congratulate Marilyn for her clever expression of my feeling.



OUR THANKS:

This concludes our year. We've seen some good, some bad, but on the whole it has been a good year for us. The staff is grateful to everyone for the wonderful reception of the *Epaulet*. This makes us feel that, in some small way, we were able to raise the magazine's standing if not restore it completely. We wish especially to extend our sincere appreciation to all those who contributed material; we trust that you will be just as cooperative with the new staff next year.

IN SUMMARY:

It might seem strange that upon finishing four years of college one feels she has merely learned how little she knows. Probably this indicates that she's learned enough to know (and to disprove her early educators) that no one can ever know or be sure of very much. She has had to learn from experience what others before her already knew. As for me, I've learned enough to realize that the only difference between other would-be writers and myself is that I admit I can't write . . . That's why the idealist and dreamer who came to college four years ago leaves as a realist who still prefers to call herself a pessimistic idealist (a little hope left anyway). Good-bye. . .

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THE LEGEND OF MAN

PAT LIPCOMB

I speak of man. Not man of today or tomorrow, but man of the past. Man before the fall, and man before time became dark with the falling seeds of the half-death.

In this time of the gold day and silver night, man walked tall and naked and unashamed upon his planet which was called Eden, but which is shrunken and withered because of the half-death and is now called Earth.

These were the days before the man-god came, the days of the unknown god who ruled the universe with a blinding majesty. Then were men's souls filled with faith and love for the beauty of Eden and the glory of the Unknown. Then was there no fear of death even though with the knowledge of its presence came the knowledge of the end of soul and mind and heart. There was no need of fear, for the souls and minds and hearts of men were filled with the joy of living only for life. And the life was filled with the broadness of a perception untouched by the half-death.

Then came a seed from the land of the half-death, which lies buried deep within a mountain. It floated over Eden and came to rest upon the breast of a man seeking the Unknown. And the seed began to grow, and the seeking became fear, and the man hid his face upon Eden which withered in the spot where he had touched it.

Then the man rose and stood before Eden and called its people to him. And the people came, walking tall and naked and unashamed. Then the man spoke, and the people heard because their hearts were filled with love and faith, and they believed because they knew not the meaning of evil or untruth.

The man consumed with the half death spoke, and he told the people of evil. He told them that their pride and majesty were wicked, and cried

out against their noble purity. Then the evil plant within his heart sent out its half-death seeds into the noble men, and they became ashamed and covered their bodies with leaves and the depth of their perception with a fear of the Unknown. They ran, and hid from the creeping half-death, and Eden withered into earth before them.

Then the man in whose heart the seed had first begun to grow, called them forth and told them of a man-god who would save them from the Unknown. And the people came, and bent their tall bodies in humility before the man-god. And Eden became Earth, and love and faith were lost to the half-death, and only fear remained.

Then the half-death sent out more seeds and cut the gold day and silver night into hours and scattered numbers upon the Earth. And the people bent their bodies more and began to add the numbers and never again looked into the Face of the Unknown.

This is a true story of the days before time became dark. It was told me by a tall, naked and unashamed man whose heart and soul and mind were filled with love and faith, and who, as a child, had not left his play to hear the evil words which were spoken to his people.

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THE ENCHANTED CUP

By TOBI FEINGLASS

In love,
And then
In love again.
Dreams fade so slowly
And never wholly.
The enchanted cup is empty
The heart must burn with fire
All that is left
Is the imprint
Of the grasping hand—
Desire.

Sing a song of sixpence
A pocket full of emptiness
Reach for the stars
And when your hand is mangled
With second degree burns
You'll know why
I cannot cry.

In love,
And then
In love again.
Love is not here
Love is not near
The enchanted cup is empty
Still it is hard to forget
The once sweet droplets
Now bitter
Tasting strongly of
Regret.

THE EPAULET

Cooped-Up Cadets

BY CYNTHIA MICHAELIS

(Dedicated to Bobby Jonas and E. A. Deitze, my friends in need.)

You don't ever want to take any sort of trip with me, unless you are prepared for *anything*. I always manage to find some trouble to get into, but this one train ride experience is something that I'll never forget.

It started out to be such a nice day, with a very casual me taking a very casual train ride home for a *very* casual Easter vacation of four whole casual days when Boom! the whole casual setting blew up with the arrival of a carload of little blue marching boys on our train, just set loose from a nearby military academy.

I should have know what I was getting myself into when I caught my first glimpse of them, stacked one on top of the other like sardines in a can in the doorway of their car with a little 4'9" sentinel holding them back, as if they were a pack of hungry coyotes, which is just a nice name for little wolves. But being as I am such a friendly soul and a staunch believer in the Good Neighbor policy I promptly decided to rally forth into their midst and be neighborly, the greatest mistake of my career.

Need I say, that I was welcomed, at first with awe, then with boistrous showing off. About fifteen cadets or so, between the ages of six and thirteen, crowded around me just like anxious newborn puppies to gain some recognition. In no time at all we had a riotous loud round robin conversation going.

"What's your name?" "I'm in good with captain" "he's just a" "oh shut up" "you think that you've got it bad" "our barracks are" "gee you're tall" "my name is", "yes ma'am" "no

ma'am" etc. Then it developed into a real party when two of the boys unpacked their horns. Zimmerman had a bugle and played taps, cavalry, mess call, etc., but Squire was the man of the hour with his hot trumpet playing all the jazz he could think of and had the whole car rocking. He stood right up on the back of the seats and blasted away, and man, was he ever good, and he couldn't have been more than eleven.

By this time I had met them all, the brain, top ranking brass, band leader, freshest, teacher's pet, and the shyest who kept peeping at me from behind the seats. Met them all, did I say? No! I had one more to go.

Suddenly I heard a loud boom from the vestibule that almost blew me out of my seat; the door flew open and a little cloud of smoke rolled in on two little legs, and immediately dove right into the middle of us and crawled under my seat, managing to trample all over my good heels and run my stockings on the way. When I regained some of my former composure I reached down and lifted up four feet and five inches worth of monster by the scruff of the neck, replete with red face and five fire-crackers in hand. It was then that I came face to face with the only cadet I hadn't met, appropriately tagged, "Henry Creature," with whom I spent the remainder of my six hour ride home.

Henry Creature was definitely a problem child. Six years old, he didn't know his last name, didn't know where he lived, or how to get there, or, if he was being met, provided he got there. Finally, with the aid of my new found friends, Bobby and Deitze, we searched him and found in his pocket a train ticket to Newark, N. J., a weekend pass with his name, his parent's name, and their address, with one whole dollar

attached to it.

We were now in Washington and the boys had to change to the same train to which our special car was being attached. So I placed Henry under Bobby's care until I saw them again. After the trains were changed I raced through the cars until I found Bobby, who calmly told me that Henry and three other cadets had retired to the dining car.

I walked up to the diner, which I found packed with soldiers except for one little table way down in the corner where four little cadets sat trying to look very grown up. Henry was sitting there very seriously studying the liquor menu and waving his solitary dollar at the flustered waiter. I helped him order a ham sandwich and a coke and finally succeeded in taking two more fire crackers away from him.

All afternoon the boys had been very polite, yes mam-ing me all the time. Now Henry was answering me "yes sir," and Jim poked him with a handy fork telling him,

"It's yes Ma'am. She's a girl!"

By this time all the soldiers in the car were staring at me. I told Jim that it was hard for Henry to remember since he was so used to saying "sir" at school. Then Fitzpatrick piped up with the jewel of the whole afternoon.

"Ma'am, do you realize that it has been *seven whole months* since we've seen a *Girl!*?"

I managed to contain myself and answer *very* gravely, "It *Has!*"

"Yes," he said staring at me, "hubba hubba, woo woo Baby!"

At that the whole carload of soldiers practically hit the ceiling with laughter. And there I was—not Tooooo embarassed. And he was only seven!

Later, back in the car, I went
(Continued on Page 23)

SELECTED

ONCE I HAD A DAISY CHAIN

Whispy golden fleece
Slipping through my fingers
Slipshod, sideways, strands atumbling
Memory, memory lingers.
Silver bells, cockleshells
Standing in a row
Years past, years ahead
See the memories go.
Once I had a daisy chain
This was in a field.
Once I saw a shooting star
Above the autumn's yield.
And through the light of summer moon
I walked along a beach
Stooped and gathered moonstruck shells
Just within my reach.
In my mind, in my heart
Lie the memories cluttered
In the corner of my brain
Are the words once uttered.
Tell me, tell me, tell me this:
Do you sometimes feel a fear
That the thoughts you held so close
Will lie forgotten come next year?

COME WALK WITH ME

Come walk with me
and hold my hand.
Down this great city's street
where town music of steps and mingled words,
tires and an alien leaf
falling from one of those caged trees
are united background to
this pure gold talk we talk.
I see you beside me
Your eyes have a darkness not known in daylight
our feet step slowly; we walk together.
Come walk with me
and we will gaze in windows
while our arms touch.

JANUARY

I am not a dancer, yet
Can dance among the columns and forget.

My body comes a happy thing
I even taught myself to sing

Ungainly limbs and wretched voice
Learn between the columns to rejoice.

I am not a dancer, yet
I find my feet can pirouette.

Night has come and shadows wage
A war upon an empty stage. . . .

The winter wind is on my cheek,
And I cross the stage on dancing feet.

POETRY

BY INA RUSSELL

THE DEBUTANTES

In the picture at Glogau's
Fashionable Glogau's
The photographer of
Fashionable people
In the picture a spiral staircase
Winding its beautiful way into background.
An arrested wind of swirling pink dress
A gown with its glittering
Border of silver
A languid hand on a marble fireplace
The hand with its young skin
And old diamonds.
The eyes in the beautiful picture are aloof.
I have seen such eyes smile and soften
I have seen such eyes level and distant
Cold, as they say, like ice.
It all depends on where they look.
Now in the picture
The fashionable picture of someone's daughter's
Stylish beautiful debut
The eyes look nowhere. But Glogau's has made them beautiful
Like the careful froth of the full skirted gown.

BACK PORCH

Shifting sunlight slowly works itself
Into little squares through the latticework.
An apple, fallen out of the basket into which
Many ripe apples had been placed,
Sits half in sunlight
But patterned also by shade.
The vines of prudent ivy hide a bird's nest
Whose occupant, a wren, has come to observe
And perhaps claim for her own
A bit of straw from the housewife's broom.
Flowers, bright and living are vased
Next to the old rocking chair.
Old rocking chair, you have creaked and protested
And cradled the bodies of four generations.
Now dappled in sunlight,
You are alive in your emptiness.
Last night's rain dampened the
Old peeling blue wood of the floor.
Someone may come to paint it soon,
Someone may come to sit in the chair.
Someone may walk on the floor,
And cause the wren's wings to flutter in fright
As she darts to the safety of the morning air.

Kind, Especially Kind Now

BY SALLY COOK

Angie woke to the gentle tapping of her mother, and as she came out of her fogginess she wondered if the air would be full of smudge. (Smudge, if you've never lived in Southern California, is what happens on cold winter mornings when the fruit growers have to burn oil to keep their citrus trees from freezing). Yes, they had smudged; the air was dark and mucky, made your nostrils black. It would be very cold out. She lay there for a few moments enjoying the warmth of the bed, the smell of wood smoke, and eggs and bacon all mixed together.

The day's events began to drift through her mind—it would probably be like most every other day. She would get up and run to the kitchen where Mom would have her clothes laid out in front of the fire to warm. When it's cold in California, it's cold! She would put on her clothes and sit down to a breakfast of eggs and bacon and maybe hot cereal. Then a strange feeling drifted over her like the brush of a butterfly on a leaf. Her spine tingled and it was gone as swiftly as it had come. Today was going to be different. Other probable events of the day were scampering across her mind like clouds across the sky on a clear windy day. Bundling up and going out to feed the chickens, then back to the house to pick up books and papers and pencil, and off to school on the rickety, old bike that had been her brother's.

School was not fun to think about so her mind wandered on to other more pleasant thoughts. There would be Girl Scouts, singing and fun games; then working on the terrarium she was going to give Mom for Christmas. After Scouts, home to supper, and the evening, the best part of the day. These few hours at the end of the day when she and Mom

went over the catalogues and decided what vegetables would go in the garden and what new flowers would bloom in the flower bed, and maybe if the price of eggs was high enough they'd buy a couple new trees. The catalogues were always the most fun! You could look at the pictures and dream about what you would look like in that blue coat or what you would buy with your share of the egg money. Every time it was something different. Tonight it would be a big five battery flashlight or a pair of shoes. Tomorrow it would be a blouse or "World Atlas." Then last but not least, a "little letter" to Dad and Sonny at the end of Mom's long letters to them.

"Angie!" came her mother's voice. "Come on now! GET UP!"

Angie jumped up and ran to the warm smelly kitchen. This was Angie's favorite room, for everything went on in here from homework to pie baking. The kitchen always seemed to be laughing right along with her and her ma, and it would laugh even more when they were a family again. She put on her clothes and was in the middle of swallowing a mouthful of eggs when someone knocked on the door. Her spine tingled.

"Well, who in the world could that be?" her mother asked.

"Gee, I dunno."

"Come on in!"

The door opened and in walked Mrs. Leonard, the lady across the street.

"Good morning, Lucille. I came to ask you if I could borrow a loaf of bread. I've run out and need some for Harry's lunch. You know Harry. If he didn't get three sandwiches I'd be hear'n about it 'till Christmas." Knowing all the time she was here because the telegraph office phoned last night and asked her to be here.

Who was it? The father or the son, she wondered.

There came another knock, a man's heavy knock.

"Well, my kitchen's mighty popular for so early in the morning. Come in!"

"Good morning, ma'am. Telegram for you. Will you sign here? It's . . . ah . . . bad news. Have you a neighbor handy?"

"Oh this must be about Aunt Or-maho. You know, John called last night. Guess Kathryn didn't know and sent this."

"Well, you're sure, now?"

"Yes, that's all right I know what this is. Good-bye and thanks."

There was the rattle of the envelope as it was being opened. . . then the silence as it was being read.

"We regret to inform you that your son, Lothaire Miller, Jr., was killed in action on . . ."

Yes. . . today. . . would be. . . different.

Compliments

of

F. W. Woolworth

Co.

There once was a naughty young fly
Who said, "I will do it, or die!"

But what was so shocking
She took off her stocking
And waded right into the pie.

THE EPAULET

FANTASIA ON A DREAM

BY COLETTE COURTOT

The half-drugged mind sinks slowly into the mire of sleep. Vague, uncertain plots float around. Black women in ragged shawls sit on the ground watching the obscene dance of a dreadfully white young man. He pivots about languidly, with serpent-like grace and suddenly emotes into bright red scarves.

The scarves spin themselves into peasant girls at a carnival. They dance joyously, but to Offenback's "Gaitée Parisienne." The music gets louder and louder 'til nothing is left but a blue, blue sky. White clouds drift slowly and peacefully. The scene lowers and a gleaming white Greek temple appears atop a green hill. Two children in white, a girl and a boy, play hide and seek, darting in and out of the majestic but indulgent columns. The town is below and further away is the sea. The young girl suddenly dashes away from the temple. The boy chases her, as, in days perhaps not too long ago, Apollo chased Daphne. At last they tumble and tumble down the hill amidst much laughter. As they are two infinitesimal specks in the distance.

Now the bright hot sun warms the tile of the Spanish patio with a sparkling fountain in the center. The patio is a half circle with an old Basque house around it, and on the open side are millions and millions of steps leading to the sea. A woman in a scarlet dress is dancing in the patio. She wears a rose the color of her dress in her black hair. She starts to dance down the steps slowly, ever so slowly, ever so slowly. When she reaches the sea she continues her slow sensuous dance among the waves until she is submerged. A scarlet rose floats up on the beach.

Enormous velvet petals of bright hues, fragrant, almost too sweet, balance on tall slender stems. Soft, rhythmic drums sound. They increase their intensity and suddenly

the jungle, weird and magical, surges through. Twining lianas weave themselves around mazes of tropical trees and bushes. Slithering pythons, golden panthers, and birds of brilliantly colored plumage fill the jungle with their strange cries. One can divine other creatures asleep or watching behind their cleverly concealed retreats. A native of gleaming ebony collects coconuts while unseen monkeys chatter loudly from the treetops. The black man cracks the huge nut and downs the filmy white liquid in great, thirsty, animal-gulps. The drums are very low now, the scene is fading, animal cries are heard at intervals, but soon they fade also.

Everything is gray, sad gray mist floating, drifting, whirling. The wind blows through the mist, pushing it with its strong breath. A newspaper leaf flutters through, and the wind and the mist amuse themselves with it, filling with air like a sail or letting it hang limp and pitiful. With the paper reality comes again, the eyes open gradually, the dingy room is there once more. The dream has ended.

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CITY RAIN

BY COLETTE COURTOT

The streets are lonely with rain
and the people walk,
huddled under their umbrellas.
I walk behind them
bareheaded,
for this is my city,
and the rain that falls on its pavement
is my rain.
My tears mingle with it
in puddles
which echo the flick-flock
of rubber-shod feet.

The streets are lonely with rain,
and the people walk;
their green and purple raincoats
cast weird shadows
on dark store windows.

The rain mingles with my tears,
and tastes sweet on my tongue,
for this is my city,
and the rain that falls on its pavement
is my rain.

POETRY FROM

A SOUND OF LAUGHTER

You have come to me so often dark and shadowed
Down the shaded stairs of memory,
And to the listening hallway of my mind
The ringing laughter that you were returns
Only the echo of old tears striking cold
Against the jagged stone of time.

I remember now

In my safe warm cloistered pulse of living,
How still the sun shone on that dark stairway
Where I stood to watch you go.

How could I know

That overhead a great gray bird preened steel wings, evil
For the chance to pluck the blue from your eyes,
The music from your voice.

Had men not learned the word war
I might have heard the slow sound of your life's aging,
And watched time's softening edge
Bring welcome silence to your soul.
But in their study of the means to gain
Men happened eagerly on that word,
And called on death to prove their power
Against the gods whose love for life can only promise living.

Men should have known

That when death came, the yellow paper floating down
Was still the evil beating of cold wings closing your eyes,
And choking your laughter.

Now brought to me

In the sharp agony of a child's first grieving,
Was the new memory of your sound in sorrow's pounding,
In the useless cry of tears.

And so I sobbed uncertainly against an unsafe world
That sent its messenger of death winging
To give the calm wide sky the color of your eyes.
What cause is there so great to steal
The sound of laughter from a child
And leave instead wet echoes of time's mockery?
Remembering you I cannot find my answer in a word,
Or understand what right it had to strike you down.
I only heard the joyous rising sound you made of life.

... By HETTIE COHEN

FENCES

As each day's substance lives and dies within its fences,
Dividing further the division of a year,
So all our days are isolated each to each,
Like ordered pasture ground where placid sheep
Feed eternal grass until their lives creep out.

If there had been no sun I should have said
Your presence made it, bending its fond rays.
But there was a sun, and light, and later
Moon and stars to close the pasture gate.
You cannot make the stars go out or speed
A cloud's path to the covering of the sun.

Yet paths are made that leave their mark
In the bending of a blade of grass, a broken twig,
To slip between the fences of a day and make it bright
With joy that bears relations to the sun
But being not the sun, is lived in human love.
We understand its meaning in the absence of a sign
That one blade bent its face against the earth,
Or one hand stayed the slamming of the gate.

NO NEED

Had he a need of roots
He would have scorned the effort,
Thinking it a waste of time
For men to dig into the earth's security.
Instead he drifted with the wind's change
And was gone before I understood,
Before I knew him wiser than the rest
Who dig, and live to find themselves
Uprooted by a soil that wind can turn,
And time erode.

UP AND TOWN

Some days are jumping over cracks in checkered walks
To give a friendly ant the space she breathes,
While other days are walking in on beetles talks,
To kill and prove a will displeased.
How difficult to walk with ease,
When days are such dualities.

THE SENIORS

... By PAT LIPSCOMB

TO TELL OF LIFE

A new sun flashes, then is gone.
A glass of wine is overturned.
A woman weeping for her dead,
A frozen flame where fire once burned.

A flower blooms to die in dust
Of million-footed cities' creep.
Blank, stark, dead faces toward the sun
Wrapped in a hot eternal sleep.

The words are here and far beyond
The hungry planets that in vain
Sing soundless symphonies of night
Through heavy purple shrouds of pain.

A blot of ink like spider feet
Is bled across a page of light,
Its symbols seen and torn to bits.
Why struggle with pagan night?

Before I sing, I must possess
Each screaming wind and silent clod,
And grasp them in my aching hand
And know that I am only God.

*50 million
times a day
at home, at work
or on the way*

There's nothing like a



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FLOOD

(Continued from Page 2)

and fed the animals; when he came back he brought the calf with him, so it would not become ill. The man and the calf were alike, for both feared the rain. Each felt his heart contract when lightning lit the room more brightly than it had ever been before, but the man was ashamed of his fear. He did not know the rain's secret.

When one of the jugs was carried in, the people tasted the rain water. It was cold and clear, and they told themselves, "It is just rain. There is nothing the matter with it. It is good. It is just rain water." Yet they felt no surprise when one of the children began to weep, slowly, privately, and then at last in a woe-ful moaning, open cry. They admonished him. They told him severely that he must be quiet, and he sat on the bed he shared with his brother and nursed his sobs and his fears quietly. He held his own hands and looked at the floor, and in his ears was the sound of the rain, never slowing, never abating. This was on the third day.

On the fourth day the people might have tried to laugh and make jokes which would help them pretend that they were not afraid, but there was something new to face. In the midst of the pouring rain and rumbling thunder there appeared relatives from the near valley land. By now the rain had begun to flood the valley. There was no dry floors in their houses. And the old temple—for there were people who still continued to go and worship God—had, in its age and infirmity, resigned itself to the water and partially collapsed. With this warning the inhabitants of the valley quickly gathered their most useful belongings and left their homes. They carried blankets on their shoulders and foodstuffs in their arms, but the blankets and foods were wet. The people themselves were dripping with the rain. Drops rolled down their cheeks like tears falling from their sad, bewildered eyes. Nothing like this had ever

happened before. This was a dry land, yet it had rained for four days. It had not even slowed down in its fall.

They heard a new sound in the rain, now: it was the sound of the rain laughing at its secret. No, it might have been the murmured sympathy noises of the torrents as they watched themselves fill the gutters and the plowed ridges, and at last the valleys themselves, and then slowly, rise onto the slopes of the proud hills. There were beginning to be trees on the hills whose roots were hidden, and the people all thought of leaving these hills and going even to the mountains, where surely, they thought, they would be safe. In their houses they talked about this, and some of them decided to leave. Most of them, however, stayed. They knew their homes; they had looked to them for safety since they were born, and now their instincts told them to stay in the place where they had found refuge against other things. This was not "other things," their brains warned them: no rain had ever fallen for five days, five days without a whisper of change. Their brains warned them, but they obeyed their instincts. They should have watched the animals, whose instincts are true. They would have seen that the wild beasts did not wait, but hurried to higher ground, while the animals that were tied and fenced tugged and pushed for freedom. The animals were more restless than the people, and the wetness had penetrated their brains as well as their fur. The geese and chickens were ignorant, and sat with drooping feathers under the roofs and ledges, but the rain was persistent. It wetted them almost as it did the animals.

Day after day the rain fell, and it was not very long before there was no alternative but to go to the mountains. The people packed reluctantly but hurriedly, for though the rain still fell steadily, it fell quickly, and they had waited until the water swept in eddies around their ankles before they left. They were afraid, for they knew now that

the rain had a secret in itself. They knew it had a purpose.

They might have been willing to stay huddled on the mountain side, with their property ruined and their animals lost on another ridge of another mountain, but the rain did not let them. It kept falling, and the flood pushed the people ever upward. It seemed to them, though the rain had not increased its fall, that the waters rose more quickly than before. One hardly settled himself uncomfortably, animal-like, on a rock, before he was forced to scramble and clutch at the dripping stones for a new place.

There was a mother in one of the huddled groups of people who had come to the mountains to escape the terrible waters. There were many mothers, but this woman had only been a mother for twelve days—the length of time the rain had fallen—and her baby was thin and wet and almost dead. She cradled it against her, and in her heart she wished someone else would hold it when they began to climb again, but no one did. She held it tightly in her tired arms. Then there came a growl of warning, and thunder and lightning rent a hole in the sky again, and there were great waves on the water's surface. One wave simply and calmly lifted itself to the rocks and pulled mother and child into the flood. This was the first and second death of the people on the mountains.

In the next few days there were more deaths, and in the night-time many people fell or were pushed into the water. Some cried out, but there were many who seemed to simply sink into the depths without protest, and few people noticed them fall. The people were fighting one another for a right to stay on the crags and cliffs of the mountain ridges. This was useless, for the water rose inexorably. There were points of rock that people tried to reach, but they fell or were forced to remain where they were, as mountains are difficult to surmount. There were no children now; the children were not tenacious and had been swallowed up long ago. There

were only a few strong, cursing men, and fewer women.

And then came the full power of the rain. It lashed out with a savage, wild scream, and sucked the little humans from the rocks. It tore great holes out of the mountain top and the water itself, and it bashed them all together. It roared and swept with fury against its very self, and it bit the air, for the air was all that was left. There was no land uncovered on the earth.

The rain unleashed shot-driven metal into the water. It shrieked and wailed and clawed. It tore the clouds to shreds, and the waves swept up into the places where the clouds had once been. The rain was molten silver streaks, and it covered the world with beating anguish.

There was, in this tumult, a great boat of gopher wood, which withstood the forty days and forty nights of the great flood. In it were a man and his wife and his three sons and their wives. There were all the animals of the earth. This boat rode the beating, crying storm until at last its rage had ended. Then the little people and the animals came out again and set about reinhabiting the great empty, damp world.

All of this, we are told, was because most of the other little people were not good people. They were swallowed, therefore, in the choking, heaving flood of the rain's secret. We are told that this was justice.

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Just because my eyes are red doesn't mean I'm drunk. For all you know, I may be a white rabbit.

Two cool cats were standing around in a night club, watching the revolving band platform when one cat turned to the other and said, "Will you feature your focals on that cool LP?"

And then there was the fellow who fell into a lens grinding machine and made a spectacle of himself.

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined so that they can't be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet punishing anyone who tries to come between them.

Sonny: "Pop, what's an optimist?"

Father: "An optimist is a man who thinks his wife has quit smoking cigarettes when he finds cigar stubs in the house."

GRAZING THE GROUND

(Continued from Page 3)

9. Club member to ask if dues deadline can be extended until the following Monday.

10. Girl next door to return broom borrowed last February.

11. Girl with no homework to chat.

12. Girl with homework to chat anyway.

By this time you've digested the first paragraph and decide that it's far better to be able to answer the first question satisfactorily than bull about the entire test. This decision naturally results in your slamming shut the abhorred book, uttering a few ear splitting oaths and heading for the nearest *Life* magazine. From that time on not a living soul appears at the door. You figure it out; we've given up.

Overheard on a Monday morning was the professor's comment to his sleeping student: "Wake up, Miss —, it's time for another week-end!" At this rate someone ought to make sure that nothing crucial occurs during the week to disturb the rest of our weekend wayfarers. Of course, as long as we don't unbalance the world situation.

The nicest thing about the open window season are the snatches of conversation that float up from those shadowed walks during warm evenings. One brief sound of masculine guffawing is enough inspiration for an entire love letter. That is, if you're in love. Otherwise it may generate a totally different effect, like wanting to jump out the window. As we said earlier, it's all relative.

Well, BY JUPITER! this year has been SOMETHING COOL. Even though it was JUST ROUTINE we managed to end up LIVIN' RIGHT. Except, of course, for the occasional slip-ups. But we had to get a HEY, RUBE! in here somewhere. Now wasn't that clever?

And so passed poor Yogurt, one (Turn Page

of the finest ever to have been. Alas! poor Yogurt, we did not know him well. In fact, we didn't even know him at all. Pity.

• • •

And then there's always the writer who doesn't stop until it's too late. The next morning. . . Well, there you are and *sure* we did.

Compliments of
**The Princess Anne
Hotel**



GIVE IT BACK TO ME

(Continued from Page 5)

"Will you come up here, Lorie?" The prosecutor's voice was gentle. In the child's face he read the tragedy of the whole affair, and he was angry that it always had to be that way. The two women, recognizing her now, sort of shoved her out into the aisle. Lorie looked at her mother, remembering the happy times when her mother painted pretty pictures and took her on picnics and walks through the country. She'd loved that. When had it all stopped? When had her mother stopped painting pictures and putting on pretty clothes? When had she stopped fixing nice dinners and cleaning the house and started going into the little studio to lie on the couch and drink whiskey most all day? It seemed like a long time to Lorie. Then her father didn't come home in the evenings anymore, either. It had been awful lonely in that big, old house. She looked up at the judge's ruddy, kind face. Maybe he would make

everything alright again. That's what he was for, wasn't it? Mr. Bates was nice, too, she thought, but he shouted so loud at her mother and father sometimes that she was frightened.

She started to walk. Mr. Bates came down and took her hand and walked with her up the aisle. He lifted her into the witness chair and leaned on the armrest.

"Lorie, I want you to think hard. I want you to remember back to when your mother and father were happy together and tell me what it was like at your house then. Can you do that?" he asked gently.

"It was real nice," she began eagerly. "When I got home from school Mommy would give me some milk and cookies and take me for a walk in the country where she painted little pictures. Then sometimes she would just send me out to play with my friends or maybe let me mess with her paint some." Her face had brightened with the memories.

"Was your mother happy then?"

"Oh, yes. She laughed a lot, and hummed little tunes when she was working. And when Daddy came—" she hesitated.

"Yes?"

"She'd run to meet him and I'd run too, and we'd all hug each other. Daddy would laugh and carry me on his shoulders—"

"You miss all that, don't you, Lorie?"

"Yes," she answered simply.

"What was your daddy like?"

"He usta play with me and we all had fun when he was home. Then he started talking about making a lot of money and getting rich and getting promotions and nothing was like it usta be. He wasn't home much, and when he was he didn't talk to us very often."

"I see. Did he bring other people home? Women?"

"Yes. Men and women would come and they'd all drink and say bad things and laugh so loud—"

"Did your mother join them?"

"Not after the first time. She said they were crooked politicians and

talked too rough. She didn't like 'em."

"And he went out to parties?"

"Yes."

"Not taking your mother?"

"She wouldn't go. I remember she said one time he was changing, losing his integ—integre—or something like that."

"We understand. Now then, did they quarrel about this?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your mother began to drink alone in the daytime?"

"Yes, sir," Lorie swallowed hard, "it made her forget about Daddy and how they weren't happy anymore."

"She left you alone?"

"Yes, sir. I missed the walks and pictures at first, but I knew she loved me and couldn't help being sick."

A sob escaped Karen Shadrow's throat. "What have I done to my baby?" she sobbed silently.

"Lorie, you realize, don't you, that your mommy and daddy have gotten a divorce? That means they won't be staying in the same house together anymore. And you'll have to live with one of them. Which one would you choose?" he persuaded.

"I don't want to choose." Her chin was quivering.

"I'm afraid you will have to, though, Lorie. The court wants to take into consideration the one you'd pick."

Now Lorie was scared again. Talking about the old times had almost made her forget what was happening and why she was here. She looked at her mother. Mrs. Shadrow's face was tight and unsmiling; she was pale and her hands trembled a little. Not once did she meet Lorie's eyes. She turned to her father, and he smiled at her, encouraging her decision in his favor. He didn't look the same anymore, she thought. It was like he wasn't the same man who'd been her father. Her eyes shuttled back to her mother. This time Mrs. Shadrow was looking up and met her daughter's searching eyes. Then she lowered her glance. Lorie felt all funny inside. This wasn't mommy—not the one who laughed and made cookies and smeared paint

to look like trees and things. Why was everybody changing so much? She began to cry.

"All right, Your Honor. I'm through," Mr. Bates said as he retired to the table where Karen Shadrow sat alone.

The defense attorney for Mr. Shadrow, Mr. Horton, asked Lorie some more questions about her father, trying to establish that he had always been a good parent. She was awfully confused. She wanted to help her father, but how could she do it without hurting her mother, she wondered. "Mommy needs me the most," she reasoned, "she's so lonely. Daddy's happy without me, anyway; he has all those people around him. Why does he want Mommy not to have me, then?" On and on her thoughts ran, searching for the answers. She couldn't figure why people always wanted changes, never being satisfied. Her mind finally came back to the attorney's questions.

"Your mother did neglect you, didn't she? She did leave you alone a great deal of the time to fix your own meals and to go and come pretty much as you pleased, didn't she?" he demanded.

"I didn't mind; she was sad about Daddy, and she was sick a lot. I didn't mind that she didn't do things for me," Lorie said earnestly, thinking to convince him.

"But the fact is, she did neglect you; she did drink alone in the studio, leaving you to run about as you pleased. That isn't being a good mother, Lorie."

"She was so a good mother! I love her and I want to live with her, too!" Lorie cried at him.

"All for now, Your Honor," sighed Mr. Horton.

"Thank you, Lorie," Mrs. Shadrow whispered, "God bless you, my darling."

A clerk led the sobbing child to her seat. The vultures were enjoying themselves. Then her mother and father were questioned some more. She listened, not wanting to believe her father was a bad man and her mother an alcoholic who wasn't fit

to raise a daughter. During the past three days she had heard them saying terrible things about each other, and each day she had lost a little something. At first she'd wanted to scream. It seemed unreal—like a bad dream or a nightmare. She sat and listened now, and something died inside her. She had thought that somebody would do something to make things like they used to be for her. Nobody had.

When the questions stopped, the judge in the high chair started to speak. It didn't matter; everything was over.

"I've viewed this case as objectively as I possibly could," the judge said. "It's my conclusion that each of you is at fault and that neither of you is a desirable parent. Your individual selfishness has deprived a little girl of her home as well as divided her emotions. These things will leave a scar forever and influence her personality for the rest of her natural life. That is the fruit of your selfishness, your inability to think of anyone but yourselves! You, Mr. Shadrow, have proven that your individual need was more important to you than that of your wife or daughter. You are irresponsible and immature, and at the moment you can offer Lorie nothing. I believe that you fought for her custody only to spite your wife, who, in divorcing you, has ended your political ambitions in this town. You, Mrs. Shadrow, were a good mother, I think, until you permitted your personal disappointment or unhappiness to dominate your life to the extent of alcoholism. That was selfishness, too. So it's evident that neither of you is ready to assume the responsibility of a parent at the moment," he continued. "I shall therefore have to withhold custody from either. It is my decision that the child be placed in a foster home, to be appointed by the court, for a period not to exceed a year. At the end of that time, the case will be reviewed and your qualifications as parents re-evaluated," the judge finished angrily.

Lorie walked out with a social

worker. The early Spring sun was bright on the white buildings and the sky was scattered with thunderheads. "My, it's a beautiful day," the woman said. Lorie said nothing. There didn't seem to be anything left.

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THE LITTLE MONSIEUR

Continued from Page 6)

listened for sounds of activity beyond the doors of the dining room. Once he even ventured to press his ear against the door. He could not be sure that the boss was up yet.

II

He had done all fifty sugar bowls, smoked a half package of Camel cigarettes, and drunk three cups of coffee which burned his small, worried mouth without his noticing it before the two bus boys finally entered the dining room. They passed him with the butter tray and water pitchers without speaking. Mr. Devois immediately jumped up from his table and marched authoritatively down the long room to fling open the heavy oaken doors. Only then did he think to seize up the morning bill o fares from the coffee table. They were a real find, for it gave him the opportunity to scrutinize them for a quarter of an hour without any apparent notice of the three young waitresses who now appeared and passed him without speaking. The waitresses moved from table to table loosening flecks of sugar from the sides of the fifty sugar bowls. Finally Mr. Devois looked up from his study of the single sheet of the bill o fare.

"Good morning, boy!" he directed energetically at one of the bus boys, indicating by his tone and glance that he did not approve of the youth's posture which was listlessly leaned against a pillar.

"Morning," the bus boy returned indifferently without moving from the pillar.

Mr. Devois tested various tones of sternness and cordiality down the entire length of the dining room as he greeted his subordinates. By this time they had all taken up positions similar to that of the first bus boy. All gazed, like a row of orphans long-resigned, out the windows of the dining room which faced great Bear Mountain. Mr. Devois started his jig tune whistle again as he began a minute table-by-table inspection of each separate waitress station. He

nervously fussed with silver which each waitress re-arranged disgustedly when he moved on. Before he had reached the center of the room on his tour of inspection, his whistling gave way to soft murmurs and deep sighs.

"OH MY, Oh My, oh my oh my."

At this the dinning room attendants one by one turned their gazes from great Bear Mountain and fixed them coldly on the little Frenchman. They waited for his monotonous third behaviorism with little enthusiasm. And Mr. Devois did begin to peer anxiously at his watch, the bill o fares, and the open door of the dining room.

"Silvia," he commanded, "give Mrs. Abbot fresh flowers."

The waitress called Silvia looked at him dully for a moment, then, slowly exchanged Mrs. Abbot's red rose with Mrs. Cabbot's yellow rose, and returned to her pillar. Mr. Devois attended this operation carefully and continued attending blankly when there was no longer anything to attend. Finally he stirred and began pacing about clutching his bill o fares more tightly than ever, calling out: "Look alive, girl!" And then more foolishly, "Are you sad, Silvia?" As if frightened by his own humor, he hastily added, "He don't

like it, you know. He don't like it. It makes the boss mad when you stand around like that."

Silvia informed him very patiently that there was no activity to be found in the dining room of Jonathan Hall. Mr. Devois was on the point of suggesting the sugar bowls when Bijou yapped. He looked frantically around for a moment and then rushed down to the large oaken doors where he just had time to compose his face into the morning smile of a major domo.

It was, however, as usual wasted on Mrs. Abbot as were his cheery wishes for the day, which, neither he nor she had observed by the shadows on great Bear Mountain, promised to be sunless. Mrs. Abbot had a gaze which had settled into a certain glassy absence. Occasionally, she looked mildly out of it when something strange passed before her own private vision. Also she gazed fondly on her top spitz, Bijou, whom she wore about her neck except in the dining room. Since Bijou was her sole contact with the common reality, the boss had obsequiously granted him the run of his office just outside the dining room while his mistress took her meals.

Mr. Devois settled Mrs. Abbot at her table with a grace which could

(Turn page to 22)

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He: "My dear, extenuating circumstances perforce me to preclude you from such a bauble of extravagance."

She: "I don't get it."

He: "That's what I said."

Blessed are the pure for they shall inhibit the earth.

Soph: How's that course?

Senior: Well, it's the most complete course at M. W. C.

Soph: Really?

Senior: Yeah, what you don't get in class you get on the tests.

Two old ladies were enjoying the music in the park.

"I think this is a minuet from Mignon," said one.

"I thought it was a waltz from Faust," said the other.

The first went over to what she thought was a board announcing the numbers.

"We're both wrong," she said when she got back. "It's a Refrain from Spitting."

"If there be anyone in the congregation who likes sin let him stand up—what's this, Sister Virginia, you like sin?"

"Oh pardon me, I thought you said gin."

Lady—Are you the young man who jumped in the river and saved my little son from drowning when he fell through the ice?

Man—Yes, Ma'am.

Lady—All right, where's his mittens?

"Why don't you take a street-car home, my good man," said the bystander to the drunk.

"Shnow ushe," mumbled the inebriate sadly, "m'wife wouldn't let me keep it inna houshe."

"You should be more careful to pull your shades at night; I saw you kiss your wife last night."

"Ha, ha, ha, the joke's on you; I wasn't home last night."

"Hey, your shoes are mixed; you've got the left shoe on the right foot."

"And here for twenty years I thought I was club footed."

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A sweet young thing breezed into a florist shop, dashed up to an elderly chap puttering around a plant and inquired: "Have you any passion poppy?"

The old boy looked up in surprise. "Gol ding it!" he exclaimed, "you jist wait until I get through prunin' this rose!"

Two old maids went for a tramp in the woods. Luckily, he got away.

"May I have this dance?"

"I'm sorry, but I never dance with a child," she said with an amused smile.

"Oh. A thousand pardons," he said, "I didn't know your condition."

The Preacher finished his sermon with, "All liquor should be thrown in the river." And the choir ended by singing "Shall We Gather at the River!"

A musician was practicing on his saxophone late at night when the landlord came in. "Do you know there's a little old lady sick upstairs?" asked the landlord.

"No," answered the musician. "Hum a little of it."

Salesman: "This model has a top speed of 130 miles per hour, and she'll stop on a dime."

Prospect: "What happens after that?"

Salesman: "A little putty knife comes out and scrapes you off the windshield."

"But darling, if I marry you I'll lose my job."

"Can't we keep our marriage a secret?"

"But suppose we have a baby?"

"Oh, we'll tell the baby, of course."

Two little girls were busy discussing their families.

"Why does your grandmother read the Bible so much?" asked one.

"I think she's cramming for her finals."

A philosopher is a man who can look into an empty glass and smile.

Three frogs were enjoying a game of 'leap frog'—one frog says to the others—"Great fun, huh? Saw some kids doing it."

THE LITTLE MONSIEUR

(Continued from Page 20)

only have come from a lifetime of serving people. Silvia disappeared into the kitchen as soon as the dowager entered. She soon returned and took the cover from the breakfast of five-minute eggs and dry toast. Mrs. Abbot gulped three enormous mouthfuls of breakfast, smacking grossly after each gulp. She then rose and wiped her lips with her clean linen napkin in one amazingly single movement and rushed from the dining room with her wild look, leaving Mr. Devois with his after-breakfast catering chatter unspoken on his lips. The waitress Silvia halted disgustedly with the unused finger bowl which time had not permitted her to serve.

III

The sixth guest had left the dining room; the remaining guest of the house took room service. Only Silvia and the one bus boy remained on duty, nor had the reduction of their number reduced the stolid remoteness of these two. Mr. Devois paused in his nervous murmuring and pacing to smoke cigarette after cigarette from his package of Camels. He was, nevertheless, almost stricken when footsteps sounded down the corridor outside the dining room. Silvia hastily busied herself at her service table and the bus boy began to wipe invisible dust from the coffee table.

"Good morning, Mr. Stone."

"Lovely day, isn't it, Mrs. Stone?"

The little man fairly flew along trying unsuccessfully to keep the proper major domo distance from the large figure of his employer. He seemed to be confused by the philosophic stride of Mr. Stone which was reinforced by the staccato beat of heels of that precious little lady who advanced beside him. Unexpectedly, midway down the dining room, the employer halted his stride and gravely fetched up his wife's arm which had strayed from the crook of his own. The little major domo was just then anticipating that subtle

move which would enable him to slip in and help the pair to their chairs when they should reach their table. So intent was he, that he was unaware of the halt until he had butted the employer squarely from the rear. Mr. Stone recovered from the universal startle pattern instantly. He peered far down at Monsieur Devois who was murmuring to himself and fumbling idiotically with the bill o' fares.

"I beg your pardon," he commented.

The pair consumed breakfast in silence, which might mean their present whim which was as atmospheric as the mists that came from great Bear Mountain, or it might have reference to conditions in the dining room. Silvia had passed coffee across the boss from the left and once she dropped a fork from her service table. Mrs. Stone extended a comforting hand to her husband's arm at this latter occurrence. Silvia's breath had stopped for a moment though she did not look up.

Finally, now, a half hour after the dining room was officially closed, the Stones put by their napkins. Mr. Stone for the first time seemed aware of the dining room attendants.

"Jack," he called to the bus boy, who had never ceased watching for an opportunity to assist his employer from the moment he entered the room. "Jack, are you still here? For

heaven's sake, boy, you may go now."

With the same mellifluous accents he dismissed the waitress. Mr. Devois blanched suddenly and a tremor crept over his body. As soon as the doors closed on the dismissed attendants, the storm broke.

"Mister Devois!" he roared. And very softly, "Do you know that I ate a two-minute egg this morning that was not only cold, but half-raw?"

Mr. Devois mumbled something about the egg cooker. Before he could explain the trouble which happened with the coffee urn, the employer broke into his explanation with a review of the major domo's unsatisfactory record at Jonathan Hall. He told the little man how deceived he had been when he selected him from all the major domos of the restaurants which he visited in New Orleans. He had, he felt, been deceived in thinking that Mr. Devois would bring a rare charm to the dining room at Jonathan Hall with his quaint accent, his continental dress and mannerisms.

As this tirade against him progressed, something suddenly clicked in the mind of the little Monsieur and he looked hard at Mr. Stone through the business part of his bifocals. . . .

"What's that? You say you're leaving, hey?" For all its fierceness the voice of the employer was full of utter astonishment.

Mrs. Stone reached a hand to her husband's arm, but it had no effect on the epithets what flew from his mouth. Perhaps he had heard them in his boyhood on the small farm in the Midwest. Perhaps he had heard them from other hotel managers when he had been a kitchen boy. Monsieur Devois had never heard their like before he came to the Hall in all his years in "the business" even in those first years at the Ritz. He ran from the dining room with tears rising to his faded blue eyes, though he knew that this would be the last time.

Shortly afterwards the attendants of the dining room watched him

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packing his coupe in amazement. Monsieur Devois was going away from this strange Hall which had more employees than it had guests, guests who were individualized to a greater or lesser degree than Mrs. Crabbot. . . . or was it Rabbot? Monsieur Devois had always had trouble with names. Yes, he was leaving this strange Hall which long ago ought to have given itself over to the shelled insects which could never be searched out and exterminated each summer so that they became increasingly a part of its foundations. He was going away from this play-acting at a life which should long ago have yielded itself to memory. The attendants thought about these things and it suddenly seemed to them that Monsieur Devois had not been responsible for everything that happened at Jonathan Hall. Each had the unspoken wish that he too might be going home to New Orleans on the delta. Albert looked from the old range in the kitchen and wiped his hands on his long apron.

"Them days is past," he said, "when a man tells folks what to do." The waitress called Silvia surveyed the second cook with disgust.

"OH MY, Oh My, oh my oh my. . . ." she said.

The heaviest burden that some women want to shoulder is a mink coat.

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COOPED-UP CADETS

(Continued from Page 9)

through H—and back with Henry. I have never seen a little ogre with so much exuberant, excess energy. He was just like a mexican jumping bean with the hiccups. Bobby, Deitze and I did our level best to keep him in his seat, and quiet, so as not to bother the other passangers. But this was next to impossible. He would climb over the back of the seat using me for a mounting block and dive on the floor behind, get up and throw himself on the nearest cadet and start a grand wrestling match. When he got the worst of the deal, he'd climb back over me to his seat and hide. Then he'd swing from the luggage racks hollering like Tarzan and step all over my hair and my good cashmere sweater. He and the others would tear comic books to shreds and have spit ball battles, set off more fire crackers in the vestibule, stamp on all the paper cups they could find, and worst of all, have water fights. These would usually start in the isle with Henry pouring a whole cup of H₂O down Rama's neck, then he'd run and hide behind me, and Rama would throw a whole cup of water and I'd get the whole thing.

Finally Henry locked himself in the men's room. Rama and his gang broke the lock, and stood there just heaving cups of water in the door just as fast as the water fountain could pour. Henry, in the men's room, ran out of cups, so he threw dripping wet paper towels and john paper out at Rama. What a Mess!

Bobby finally managed to break it up. Henry was completely soaked. Bobby and I sat on him while Deitze tried to dry his clothes. Finally five minutes before Newark we redressed Henry and combed his hair, put on his cap and hat, then took turns sitting on him until the train pulled into the station. The three of us went to the vestibule and set our prize product on the platform. He turned and gave us a salute, and the last we saw of "Henry Creature," was a handsome, orderly, and very

mannerly cadet walking into the arms of two beautiful parents. Bobby, Deitze and I all shook hands and hobbled back to our seats, all feeling like we had just been through the civil war.

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A pink elephant, a green rat and a yellow snake walked into a cocktail bar. "You're really a little early boys," says," said the bartender, "He ain't here yet."

"Goodness, George! This is not our baby! This is the wrong carriage."

"Shut up! This is a better carriage."

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried another epileptic out of his shop.

"What's all the hurry about?"

"Just bought a new textbook and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out."



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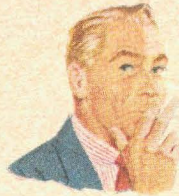
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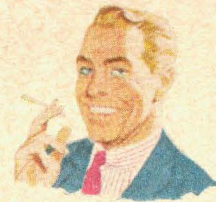
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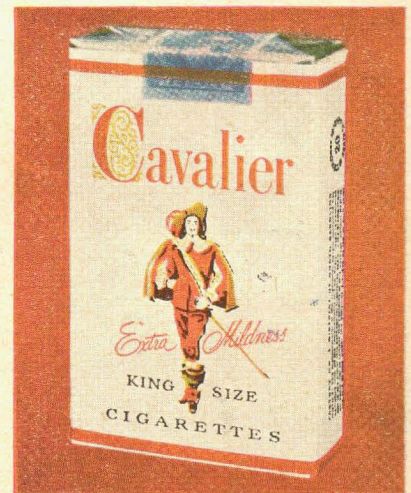


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